

SATIRICAL EPISTLE

To Mr. P O P E.

Diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit Invidiam supremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Hor.

Hor.



L O N D O N:

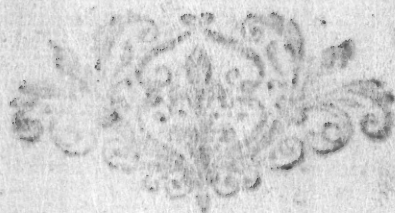
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M D C C X L.

(Price Six Pence.)

SATIRICAL
EPISTLE
To Mr. P. E.

Dirum qui contempsit Hydrum
Notaque fatali portento laboris fulgore
Comperit Incidiam supremamque dolorem.
Uit enim fulgoris hinc qui praecepsit artem
Ipsa se possit: cunctis amandis idem.
Hor.
Naturam expellas furca licta, ipsa reuertetur.
Hor.



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S A T I R I C A L
E P I S T L E

To Mr. P O P E.

DEAR POPE, the Muses' Favourite, and
Friend!

Kindly accept, such Verse as I can send.

Take not amiss what here I shall indite,
Thro' Friendship and Experience join'd I write.

Long have you been to Virtue a Defence,

A Dread to Folly, Vice, and Insolence!

Tho' thy just *Ridicule* has oft sham'd such,

The Bar, nor Pulpit's Pow'r, e'er yet cou'd touch;

And Men who were ev'n not afraid of God,

Yet trembling dreaded thy chastising Rod.

But now not so—Vice is grown strong and bold,

Takes deeper Root, and spreads as it grows old.

Wherefore accept th'Advice of me your Friend,

And cease to strive this vicious Age to mend.

Your

Your Lines they read——But do they strive to shun
 The Follies you point out,——or not to run
 In search of New?——No, no my Friend ! Not they,
 You may write on, they'll keep their good old Way :
 Not lose an Inch of Folly's fertile Ground,
 But one leads Thousands, and so dance they round.

Then what avails all your laborious Pains ?
 The Days and Nights, in which you've rack'd your
 Rais'd *Horace* up ; *Horace*, who long ago [Brains,
 In courtly Stile, could let his *Romans* know
 Their Faults ; in *English* now you make to tell,
 How far in Vice, our Age does theirs excel.
 'Tis all in vain——in vain your honest Zeal !
 To rouse the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
 The tardy Hall, in Virtue's Cause moves slow,
 They know it——and yet seem not for to know :
 The lazy Prelate slumbers in his Stall,
 Secure at ease——nor hears he you at all.

The gaudy Insects that at Court attend,
 You vex them——but alas you do not mend !
 “ You're replete, they say, with such Ill-nature,
 “ That ev'n where you praise, it still is Satire ;
 “ Peevish, morose, your Morals too severe,
 “ That neither Patron, Friend, or Foe you spare.

Cou'd

“ Cou’d you lash Vice, and not the Person name ?

“ How vastly ! ’twou’d contribute to your Fame.

Yes ! Such wou’d please, but who ?—the Venal Tribe,

Then they might sin, go on, Corrupt and Bribe,

And band the Ball, still from one to t’other,

Willing to shift it, each unto his Brother.

But do you name, or ever point out those,

Who to the Town do not themselves expose,

Whose Vice we know not when the Name we hear ?

If so—I then should think you too severe.

Call B---ns Pimp, stile W***n a Whore,

Is ought in this, the Town knew not before ?

Name S---gh, the Man whom late you prais’d,

Whom late your Verse t’immortal Glory rais’d,

The whole Town rings—no more you need to name,

One desp’rate Action, forfeits all his Fame.

Peace with the Dead,—the Living let’s pursue,

’Tis they expose themselves, it is not you.

When aged Mothers, to Pollution offer,

Oh shocking Truth ! both themselves and Daughter,

In such a Case, what Satire can forbear ?

It is a Sin such Incest sure to spare,

Why shou’d you be so delicate, so nice,

As B---n not to name, and fix the Vice ?

Left there be some, with Malice so intent,
T'impute the Crime unto the Innocent ;
And that which you design'd for Satire's Use,
They thus may turn to Scandal and Abuse.

When that of late, you lash'd the pois'ning Dame,
Did you do right for to conceal her Name ?
D***'s fatal skill, who has not heard ?
A H—b—d Victim, the whole Town has fear'd ;
Esculapius' Aid, almost was too late,
To make M*** void the Chocolate.
How is a secret Rival to be fear'd,
When Lust prevails, and Reason is debar'd !

'Tis not alone your Satire, but your Praise,
'Tis this that Galls, 'tis this does Envy raise. [name ;
Nor PULTNEY, COBHAM, ARGYLE, WINDHAM
Let L—v—l, H—vy, Y—ng enjoy your Fame.
Libel CARTERET, abuse LITTLETON,
Praise Sir ROBERT, traitorize ST. JOHN.
Then, hireling Scriblers Task must surely fail,
SATIRE on SATIRISTS, then will cease to rail.
No more wou'd tell, that you write Common-place,
When he's no longer pension'd by his Grace.
Refrain from charging thee with Venal Stain,
It wou'd conduce, no longer to his gain.

Then

Then *Gazetteers* wou'd ev'n give thee praise,
 And you perhaps, might write the Birth-Day Lays.
 See *Wh—th—d*, whom they stile thy darling Son,
 When late of *M—nn—rs* it was that he sung.
 Display'd the *P—r*, gone mad with Martial Pride,
 He suffers!—But the Contagion spreads wide.
 Cooks have Commissions, all runs in Extremes,
 Mechanics, Valets, Boys, command Marines.
 While gallant Men, who fought in *Marlbro's* Day,
 Are forc'd to live upon their small Half-pay.

Now view the Town, and search all o'er to find,
 But one improv'd, in Habit, or in Mind :
 Lo! *Tragedy* sinks, Now's her fatal Time,
 She drops—and in her stead see *Pantomime*.
 Now *Harlequin* in triumph spreads his reign,
 From *Sadlers-Wells*, to noted *Drury-Lane*.
Orpheus and *Eurydice* at length appears,
 The mangl'd Produce, of sixteen long Years.
 Peers, Lawyers, Cits, they all in Thousands run,
 T'admire the active Feats of nimble *Lun* :
 The Comic Vein, no longer now can please,
 Now nought goes down, but *Metamorphoses* !
 Who now can bear the sad, the doleful Stage,
 When *Pistoll* apes, *Othello's* manlike Rage ?
 Away to *Oratorio's* now they throng,
 Discourse and Action vanish in a Song.

Corruption spread o'er all the Land we see,
 The Tribunal, nor Mitr'd Bench are free.
 Religion's now no more; we scarce can find
 That any Footsteps she has left behind.
 In *Whitefield* first a glim'ring Dawn appear'd,
 The *Lawn* sent him, to graze amongst the Herd:
 To *Enthusiasm* the new Light straightway turn'd,
 And *Saints* had like, once more with Zeal t'have burn'd.
 Hypocrisy and *Atheism's* all remain,
 The *Priests* mind nothing, but t'increase their Gain,
 Whilst brazen *Henley*, with an impious Sneer,
 From *Rostrum* cries—"The True Religion's here!"
 Antagonists hires Weekly to dispute,
 Themes the same time defends, and yet confutes;
 Nought comes amiss, Politic, or Divine,
 His Oratorical Genius sure to shine.

If these the Fruits of all your Time and Care,
 Your *Essays on Man*, and Satires ev'ry Year:
 Lord *Fanny's* partial † *Hist'ry of these Times*,
 Leave for to palliate, a Nation's Crimes.
 Lay down your Pen—the Task assume no more,
 Since Vice prevails, why ev'n give Virtue o'er.
 'Tis time to cease, when all's corrupt we 'spy,
 And Peers premeditate which way to Die.

† A Piece which has been composing some Time.